

UNCLE SAM'S BIG FISHING EXCURSION TO THE ARCTIC

Fish Commission Steamer Albatross Sails Away for the Frozen North With a Shipload of Scientists From Washington and Elsewhere Bent on a Mission of Discovery and Investigation. * * *

SOMEWHERE in the frozen latitudes of the Pacific, the Fish Commission steamer Albatross is making her way north with the big party of scientists on board, who are to spend the summer exploring the waters of Alaska and the Arctic, and studying the many inhabitants of the bays, rivers and lakes of the regions, with the view of increasing the number of fish there for the benefit of man.

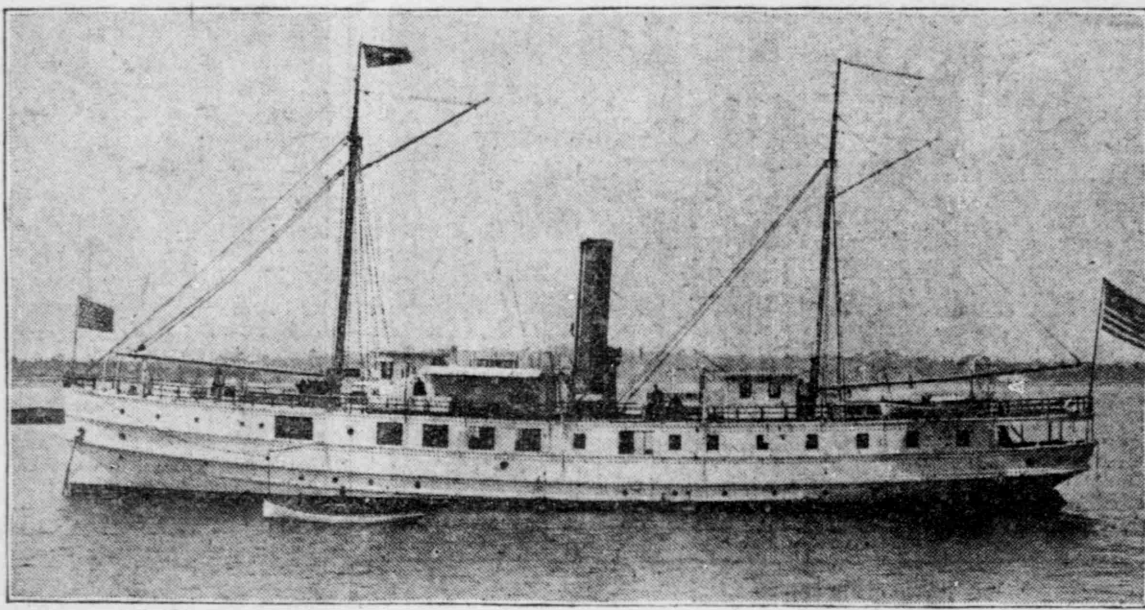
Dispatches have been received from Fish Commissioner George M. Bowers, who has been in Seattle several weeks arranging the final details for the trip, announcing that the steamer had sailed on schedule time, and that, barring accidents, such as collisions with icebergs and fogs, and the consequent delay, the expedition would return to the United States in the latter part of October.

A Ship Load of Fishologists.

The Albatross, which had been thoroughly overhauled at the Mare Island Navy Yard at San Francisco, and fitted with all modern appliances for under-sea exploration, in addition to the usual provisions and outfit of the Arctic exploring vessels, arrived at Seattle, the place of meeting of the various parties of experts, scientists, fishermen, college professors, about a week ago. Here she had to wait for the members of the expedition to gather. The majority were from the Leland Stanford University. The remainder came from all over the United States, including Washington, Dr. Barton W. Everman and several assistants from the Fish Commission, being among the latter.

Commissioner Bowers was the last to reach Seattle, waiting until all were on the scene, so that he could inspect the whole expedition.

The work of preparation had been going on for several months, ever since, in fact, President Roosevelt decided to heed the appeals of the salmon fisheries owners to investigate the rapidly di-



The Seagoing Fish Commission Steamer Albatross Now En Route to Alaska.

minishing number of fish. So, there was little to do except to see that all of the orders had been carried out perfectly.

Commissioner Bowers found that all stores were on board except such as had to be purchased at Seattle, and these were soon obtained. The machinery and instruments and the fishing tackle, costing many thousands of dollars, could not be improved upon, and the big vessel looked fit for any duty in the world.

Equipped for a Long Voyage.

The officers and crew were provided with all material and "truck" needed for such a voyage. Uncle Sam is a good provider, when he has a competent agent to work his will, and in Commissioner Bowers he had one. Consequently, when the last pound of provisions and other stores were taken on board, the anchor was weighed and the ship disappeared out of the harbor in one of the summer fogs of the northern Pacific. Not a thing was lacking to make the voyage and experiments a success.

The Albatross sailed for the north on Tuesday, and by this time she is off the upper coast of British Columbia. Being a fast vessel she is expected to reach Alaska on Tuesday, where the first of the work of the expedition is to commence. Commissioner Bowers is returning to Washington, and it is expected that he will reach here tomorrow. From such points as they are able to

do so the officers of the expedition are to report the progress of their work by telegraph to the commissioner.

Exploring Little-Known Waters.

That there will be some interesting reports is certain, as the vessel is to cover a distance of ten thousand and more miles in waters little known, especially below the surface, and in which there are hundreds of species of fish which have never been classified, and of which only a few facts are known.

The exploration is to begin when the ship reaches the feeding grounds of the salmon. It is the intention of Commissioner Bowers to have the party study every habit of the succulent red fish of the north, including his food, his various homes after he leaves the spawning rivers, the diseases that kill him off, his enemies of the sea and land, and in fact every move he makes from birth to death, various specimens of various ages, of course, being observed for the purpose.

Hatcheries to Be Built.

While this is going on, a big land party is to go to work constructing stations where the eggs of the northern fish are to be hatched as are those of the southern climes.

Commissioner Bowers expects to have these in readiness for operation when the spawning season begins next spring. According to the plans of the commissioner about twenty of these stations

are to be built, one on each of the big bays and harbors, and others on the rivers, including the Yukon.

So far, it is known that the food fish of the far Northern Pacific consists, first of salmon, fluke, and a large sort of a shad, which seems crossed with the voracious muscalonge of the Alaskan fresh waters, and which is as gamy as the great tarpon of sunny Florida. The Indians call it the "Amayawa"—he who eats and fights.

This individual grows to a large size, frequently weighing fifteen pounds. His flesh is fine eating, but one has to go to the northern waters after him, because he won't "pack"—that is, he loses all flavor and becomes "mushy" when parboiled and put in cans like his neighbor, the red salmon.

Curious One-Sided Arctic Fishes.

In the family of the Northern flukes are the flounders, the halibut, and similar creatures, whose anatomy seems to be all on one side, but whose flavor is much improved, because of the proximity of the icebergs, and the strenuous life they lead in the struggle for food.

There is also a codfish, a sort of a second cousin to that of the New England banks, but also larger, and harder to catch, a mysterious red fish, whose brilliant scales and piratical and cannibalistic habits have made him as much of a terror in the far north as the "snapper" of the Florida banks, and a fine kind of



George M. Bowers, United States Fish Commissioner.

sea trout, speckled and burnished, which grow to three times the size of the "weak" fish, or so called sea trout of the Atlantic waters.

In addition to these principal inhabitants of the waters to be explored, there are myriads of smaller finny specimens which look like herring, mackerel, and perch, and which are very good to eat; outlaws like the dogfish and small sharks in the Atlantic, and crabs and lobsters and oysters, all of which are as yet little known.

Crabs of Prodigious Size.

The oysters are said to be finer than many obtained in the United States, being always in cold water, while the crabs

grow to such size that one of them is enough to make a meal for two people, yet the flavor is fine.

As to the lobster, it is one of the special duties of the expedition to try and locate new fishing grounds. The culture of the lobster is one of the problems which the commission has not yet solved successfully, and his tribe is growing smaller, despite the laws restricting fishing. So, if the succulent sea spiders can be found in large quantities in the Pacific, the discovery will be hailed with delight all over the United States. Thus the expedition is not going to be without subjects to study.

Commissioner Bowers has instructed the leaders of the party to obtain all of

Habits of the Food Fishes of Alaskan Waters to Be Studied With a View to Increasing the Catch and Saving Certain Species From Being Exterminated—To Build Hatcheries.

the data possible, and it is on this that the work of collecting eggs for the stations which are now being constructed is to be conducted.

The Lobster a Terrible Cannibal.

Oysters are to be planted and ponds are to be filled with the fry of the fish selected as being the best for hatchery purposes. But what is to be done with the lobster has not yet been decided.

The experts under Commissioner Bowers can easily hatch the eggs, but experiments have proved that the young lobster, even from the time he crawls out of the shell of his maternal egg, is a cannibal of the most terrifying sort. The first thing he does when he opens his eyes is to seize one of his brothers and make a meal of him, provided the brother is not the larger and stronger, when, if this proves to be the case, the would-be eater is eaten.

It is surprising, but true, that the embryonic lobster can eat about 300 times his own weight in relatives in twenty-four hours. Consequently when all are busy dining on each other in the glass pots in which they are hatched, for a day or two, nothing is left but a few of the strongest and most voracious of the lot swimming about in an immense amount of refuse.

Various schemes and mechanical devices have been tried to prevent this awful slaughter, but without much success, as the lobster is a cannibal all of his life, the stronger invariably eating the weaker.

Device to Protect the Young.

Commissioner Bowers has, however, under consideration centrifugal pots, which spin around with such speed during the hatching process that the young cannot get time to seize and devour each other. This pot, if successful, is to be adopted at the new stations as well as on the New England coast, and then the supply of lobsters, it is hoped, will soon be increased.

The expedition will cost the United States more than \$100,000, but the expenditure is certain to be small as compared to the value of the work to be done. This work consists of developing vast fishing grounds which have never been visited by white men except for the salmon.

BEYOND THE OUTPOSTS: A STORY OF THE PHILIPPINES.

BY JOHN A. MACKAYE.

"DIAMOND JACK'S making too many trips past the outposts and he'll get it in the neck some day."

This was the comment of Smoky Miller with regard to the long, lean, good-looking interpreter of Troop B of the Fourth when it lay in the little pueblo of Nalc.

"It's a skirt all right," said Austin, "and I think it's one of those Espirez girls he's after."

"Yes, I suppose it is, and she'll keep tagging him out there on the Maragondon road until some day he'll turn up missing."

The flirtation of Diamond Jack was notorious in the troop. He had been a soldier and cavalryman for years, and having spent a long part of his various enlistments at Brownsville, Tex., and other posts in the extreme Southwest, he had been a rather fluent Spanish scholar even before the war with Spain broke out. Jack had been very handy in Porto Rico as an interpreter, and on reaching Manila was not long in picking up some of the native dialect. John Diamond was the name under which he enlisted, but he was generally known as "Diamond Jack" to his fellow troopers. Being the official interpreter to the commandant of Nalc, he was allowed several privileges that other soldiers dared not attempt to take and was a sort of privileged individual. Talking Tagalog in his own peculiar fashion, he was able to communicate with the natives.

The Espirez girls were sisters, who had just a tinge of Chinese in their Filipino blood, but they were very dignified and entertained lavishly at their home outside the town. There was always a double outpost on the road between their house and the bridge, but the soldiers were not permitted to go beyond this. Diamond Jack, however, had ways and means of getting around the outposts, and it was known that he was visiting at the Espirez home about twice a week. While he was supposed to have a wife in the States, he was old soldier enough to be a flirt, if he got half a chance, and the elder Miss Espirez was just about as favorable to his blond hair and light curling mustache as a dark-haired and dark-eyed Oriental beauty could be on a Caucasian of light complexion. Besides, her father was reputed to be rich, and Diamond Jack had no scruples about color, or even the

tinge of Chinese blood, if there was to be an easy living and nothing to do but spend the old man's money after a wedding. Things, however, had not progressed so far yet, and Diamond Jack was still in the early stages of his hazardous courtship. He always carried his revolver when he made his sparking trips, and, although it was the scandal of the garrison that he took his life in his hands, the officers did not know of it. Jack was chaffed around pay day, when the men were drinking a little, but he proved to be so surly about it that the matter was dropped in his hearing. He continued to make his outside visits.

Miss Espirez was a very desirable match from a Filipino point of view, for her father had many rice fields and was reported to have made almost a fortune in Manila, where he had been a merchant before the war. He was a small, dark, wiry fellow, who was very much a friend of the Americans because he was wise enough to know on which side his bread was buttered. It was generally believed, however, that some of his money had gone to aid Aguinaldo when that worthy was a power in Cavite province, and that, since the alleged head of the new republic had been driven far to the north by Lawton and others, Espirez had been bled for some gold by Barillo, the ladrone, and also by General Trias, who was still making things lively for the Americans. Felipe Ruiz had been a lieutenant under Aguinaldo, but when he saw that this alleged patriot was not succeeding so well as to have been expected he had put aside his uniform and returned to his native town of Nalc. He was a Filipino blood, and it suited him to think he was very much in love with the elder Miss Espirez and also with the money of her wrinkled and shrewd old father. Miss Espirez looked with some favor on his suit, but she was more than flattered by the secret attentions of the great, white-haired American who could say such sweet things in broken Tagalog to her as they walked between the fields of green rice grass.

Ruiz did not risk his life every time he called upon her, as did Diamond Jack, who might have been killed by half a dozen men who were known to the girl as lardones at night and peaceful peasants during the daylight. She liked the open contempt the big American displayed toward all her native

friends, and was pleased to think that he had singled her out ever since that day when Windy Bates and his escort, to which Jack was attached, first passed the house stringing wires. Bates belonged to the signal corps and the brief halt made at the Espirez home had been the beginning of the courtship between the interpreter and the native girl. The visits of the soldier gave the house a certain protection and therefore the mother and father did not display any open hostility to the coming of the soldier. But he did not know about Felipe Ruiz and the girl did not enlighten him. So things ran along to the scandal of the troopers, who discussed with vigor over their vino the probable ending of the strange romance.

Jack was not in love, but the excitement of passing the outposts and getting into the danger zone acted as a tonic that even vino could not supply. Several times Jack saw Ruiz skulking around the Espirez house, but he made no comment at the time. When he returned to the garrison one day he told Captain Garston that he believed he knew one of the ladrone leaders, and really the soldier thought he was on the right track. The result was that Smoky Miller and ten men were sent out next day with the interpreter to see if they could round up this suspicious individual, for information was badly wanted, both about Barillo and Trias. They found their man. Ruiz was frantic at his arrest, because he did not know what ugly charge might be dug up against him, but, although he was sweating, nothing of importance was learned, and after about a week of imprisonment in the guard house he was released. As he went the native vowed vengeance on the man who had been responsible for his temporary misfortune, and that was Diamond Jack. The day after he set Ruiz free the interpreter made one of his periodical trips around the outposts, and went straight out the Maragondon Road as far as the path through the rice paddies to the house of the Espirez girl. He was a little astonished to find Ruiz there, evidently on good terms with both the mother and daughter. The native grinned feebly when they met. He noticed, however, that the big cavalryman had a serviceable 38-caliber revolver on his hip, and he was disposed to be friendly.

Then old man Espirez was found dead one morning and there was woe in the house on the Maragondon Road. It was

evidently the work of robbers, and when Diamond Jack heard of it he suspected Ruiz, although he said nothing. The widow, too, seemed to think that the smiling native knew more about the tragedy than he was willing to tell, but she waited until she could get some tangible proof. The girl seemed to droop under the blow, for she had loved her father very much and had been his favorite. Ruiz redoubled his lovelornness at this most inopportune time, while Diamond Jack was not making as many trips as he had been. One day, however, he went out to the little bamboo house, and to his amazement was met by the widow, while the girl was nowhere in sight. There was plenty of claret, a rather heady wine, on the table and the woman kept pushing the cigars toward him. Jack was just as willing to flirt with the mother as the daughter, when the other was not in sight, and soon he was more befuddled than a man in an enemy's country and beyond the outposts should be. The widow was playing her own game. She wanted to know if the interpreter suspected anything against Ruiz, and especially if he had any information as to the assassination of her husband. She suspected Ruiz and believed that the American would know. She had warned Ruiz that Jack had promised to shoot him on sight, which was a lie, and now she told Jack that Ruiz was jealous and had threatened to kill him. Both statements were lies, but the wily Oriental wished to get rid of Ruiz and thought she could force the American to kill him.

The girl was outside at the time in the grove of trees back of the house and Ruiz was with her, sent by the mother to leave her a clear field with the American. Jack was well along in his cups when finally to the purring question of the woman, he said:

"The yellow-faced brute, of course, killed your husband."

He would not have made the statement had he been sober. The woman rose, with a scream, yelling through the thin bamboo partitions to the man on the outside that he had been betrayed. She fled from the house as the enraged native, not knowing what had been said against him, came on the run with his knife in his hand. The girl realized that something had happened and divined that her beautiful light-haired American lover was in danger. She came almost at the heels of Ruiz.

Jack realized he was in a fix and tried to pull himself together. He slipped the button of his holster and staggered to his feet just as Ruiz, blind with rage, flung himself up the steps with a bolo in his grasp. Jack seized one of the flimsy chairs and hurled it at the head of the ladrone, who dodged to the floor. Jack had drawn his revolver as the native regained his feet. The table was still between them, but the danger had sobered the American. Raising his pistol he fired and instantly there was a scream in a woman's voice. He had struck the girl, who had rushed close after Ruiz. The smoke drifted lazily to one side in the still room and it was only because Jack tipped the table away from him with one foot that he was not slashed over the shoulder with the bolo. Ruiz had missed his aim also.

But the native was agile as a cat and as he jumped back he threw the big knife just as Jack fired again. Outside among the trees the widow waited, but she heard no more shots.

"Has anybody seen Diamond Jack?" It was the top sergeant of Troop B who was asking that night at check roll call in the convent barracks at Nalc. Nobody had, but several could have made a pretty good guess where he might be.

"Mebbe that Pina girl's made him skip the outfit," suggested one of the men before they went to sleep. This was a gentle way of insinuating that he might have deserted.

"More likely he's been bolooed out among them hombres," said another.

Next day a patrol was sent out, and after making a pretense of looking in other places the Espirez house was vis-

ited. As the patrol came along the road toward the front of the dwelling there was something white lying at the bottom of the bamboo steps. It was the girl. Just inside the door Ruiz was found, also stone dead, with a bullet in his heart, and, weltering in his blood at the back of the room, with the table and the broken bottle of vino between him and his enemy, was Diamond Jack, with his jugular severed. The bloody bolo told the tale.

"Guess the damned traitor threw the knife," said the sergeant as he surveyed the scene.

"They must have quarreled over the calico," commented the corporal, pointing outside to the body of the girl.

"That widow could tell something about it, in my opinion," added Austin. But the widow was never seen again by the soldiers.

PRINCE OF WALES ON CLEANING SILVERWARE.

IN the speech that the Prince of Wales made on the occasion of laying the memorial stone of the workmen's dwellings in Westminster, says the "London Telegraph," there was an allusion to the happiness of home life that showed plainly how this appealed to his royal highness. Not more than a few minutes later the prince manifested his knowledge of the domestic arts in a manner that was both interesting and practical. Everyone has heard of the famous Westminster tobacco box, with the finely engraved plaques of silver upon it, and this was exhibited by Councillor C. Spencer Smith to the prince and princess, who examined closely the unique relic associated with the overseers of past days. Its due preservation is, of course, a matter of careful concern to the corporation, and, speaking on this point, his royal highness emphatically advised its custodians to clean it as little as possible, and then only with chamol leather.

The ordinary cleaning powder, as the prince remarked, only wore silver away, and in this instance the plate was much too interesting and valuable to be allowed to suffer damage by much rubbing.

So useful a bit of advice calls for some further notice from all ladies who have any fine plate in their keeping. The royal collection is, of course, of fabulous value, and "the yeoman of the pantry" in whose charge it is must be an expert regarding its protection. Has he not, at Windsor Castle, in a specially constructed double apartment of stone, forty feet long and sixteen feet high, lighted elec-

trically, and lined with air-tight glass cases, the care of the priceless Nuremberg "Nautilus Cup," the Henry VIII Cup—the design of which is attributed to Holbein—the great Armada Pilgrim, and countless more precious pieces? The Prince of Wales, too, would be familiar with the means taken by his late uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, to preserve the collection formed by him of sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century "nets" or models of ships in silver. Hence his royal highness imparted to the citizens of Westminster knowledge derived from the actual experience of those most competent to speak, and the hints given so pleasantly and freely have a real value when any little piece of genuine antique silver or silver gilt is keenly cherished.

Nowhere did the royal advice receive fuller approval than from the manager of a leading firm of West End silversmiths dealing in antique as well as in modern plate. The common plate powder of the oilman's stores in penny and twopenny packets almost invariably, as he states, contains mercury. To lazy servants this is welcome, for it gives a transient polish with very little trouble. But it is extremely injurious to the silver, which, indeed, it would ultimately destroy, and to practical eyes quickly reveals that it has been employed by minute ugly black spots upon the surface. Hardly less undesirable are the hard lumps of crude whitening to be found in too many pantries, which are so full of grit and sand as to scratch and practically file away delicate ornamentation. Where any powder must be used to restore the brilliancy of a neglected surface, it should be the fine and rather costly preparations that are only to be obtained at a

high-class silversmith's, and such as are used by themselves before sending out their beautiful wares. This is either purest whitening, but rubbed down to such a degree of impalpable fineness that it will sift through a piece of dress silk, or the finest rouge, equally fine, and free from chemicals.

The real adept, such as the old-fashioned family butler, with a keen pride in his treasures, does not use a cloth to rub the lightly moistened whitening, but prefers the tips of the fingers or the palm of the hand, and goes gently over the metal till the requisite polish is effected, putting on the finishing touches with the softest of chamol leather. When care has been exercised from the first, however, washing in warm water with a little pure soap, and afterward polishing with the invaluable leather, should suffice. Where coats of arms or crests are engraved on the surface this method will tend to preserve the outlines in their clearness, and in the case of the Westminster box this authority said that nothing further than a leather should ever be necessary. This, too, would be less frequently required if the relic were put in an airtight glass case, to keep from it the sooty particles of the London atmosphere, which, as all collectors know, will quickly render silver dull and tarnished in appearance. The "silver table," with its quaint old caddy spoons, often most delicately chased, and its queer Dutch tongs, is so general a feature of the modern drawing-room that this royal admonition is one that has a very widespread interest and concern, and is a timely warning to all collectors not to permit injury to fine engraving or piercing by the use of destructive pastes or powders.